



ESTABLISHED JUNE 12, 1788.

Volume XXI.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 23, 1862.

Number 4,721.

## POETRY.

## THE SONG OF THE OWL.

Wren features wan and worn,  
With nose of the greenest red,  
A man there sat, like a drowsy bat,  
Who lifted his maulin head;  
He sang this song of the owl,  
Mid a ragged and wretched band,  
And he drew a nail in his coffin lid  
Each time he raised his hand.  
Drink, drink, drink,  
In the morning's rosy prime,  
And drink, drink, drink,  
In the murky midnight time:  
It's O to be a dog,  
Along with a timber snarl,  
Than a senseless log, or a human hog,  
With never a human heart.  
Drink, drink, drink,  
The wine-cup never flags;  
And what are its wages? An aching heart,  
And squander, and moulder, and rage,  
Drink deep of the liquid fires,  
In hollow and mindless mirth,  
With reggae and knives, and the tap-room slave,  
And the vilest crew of earth.  
Omen with children pale—  
O men, with weeping wives—  
O why for a can of unholly ale  
Will you sacrifice their lives?  
They play but a dastard's part,  
Who swear each truth a lie,  
Who crush with crime a trusting heart,  
And leave it alone to die.  
Drink, drink, drink,  
Oh! how escape its thrall?  
It runs amain through each burning vein,  
And turns my blood to gall.  
My eyes are dim with tears,  
A furnace heats my breath;  
And conscience whispers in my ears,  
Thou'rt hastening, fool, to death.  
But why do I talk of Death,  
That phantom of fleshless bone?  
I might see a thousand shapes  
More dreadful than his own.  
The cells of my arid brain  
Are parched in my burning head,  
And countless sprites, through the living night,  
Are dancing round my bed.  
Mid darkling clouds I tread,  
To my last accursed retreat;  
There's a heave above my head,  
And a hell beneath my feet.  
O powder, pause and pray,  
Reflect and pray, and think,  
Ere your souls be snatched from the light of day.  
By the ruthless demon—Drink.  
It's O but to breathe the breath  
Of a purer atmosphere,  
To escape from this mortal dread,  
This prospect dark and drear!  
It's O for the pleasant hours,  
When I felt as a man should feel,  
Ere alcohol had enervated my soul,  
And made my senses reel.  
With features wan and worn,  
With nose of the greenest red,  
A man there sat, like a drowsy bat,  
Who lifted his maulin head—  
Mid a ragged and wretched band,  
In a vile degraded sink,  
He sang this song with a dismal wail;  
Would that its tones could on all prevail  
To banish the demon—Drink!

## AGRICULTURE.

**SOWING ONIONS IN AUTUMN.**—The rot or "worm" in the onion has, of late, in some sections, and particularly in New England, I am informed—that great onion country—rendered the cultivation of this valuable vegetable nearly, if not quite as difficult as that of the potato. If the seed is sown in the spring—no matter how early—as it generally is with us, there will always be a liability, to say the least, that this disease will greatly injure, if it does not wholly destroy the crop. But if we sow in autumn, the roots will rarely be affected by it. This fact deserves to be extensively known, as autumnal sowing is, in my opinion, the only sure effectual preventive to be applied. The Yankees, who are universally acknowledged to be "cute" in almost everything, now practice this plan extensively, and with entire success. I throw out the suggestion at this time, hoping that it may be of service to some of my brother farmers who are not aware of the practice, or that any infallible preventive of the "worm" exists.

## German Telegraph.

**FLOODS FOR FISH.**—The following good hint is furnished by the *Massachusetts Ploughman*:—"Styes ought to have floors laid on the naked loam, in order to be easily cleaned out. Inch boards of oak or chestnut, well fastened down, and kept covered with earth, will last twenty years." This earth, when well mixed with manure, is easily thrown off the floor by the shovel.

**TRANSPLANTING.**—The editor of the *Horticulturist*, in the last number, says:—"If it were made a rule, in moving trees, always to reduce the last year's growth to one bud, half the failures in transplanting would not occur—because the head and roots would be brought at once to something like a balance of power."

**BALDY HORSES.**—It is said to be a first-rate way to treat balky horses, by hitching a good steady horse and team behind them—they will soon forget their peculiar propensities, and be glad for a chance to move the other way.

**THE VALUE OF BONES.**—The *American Farmer* says that every forty bushels of bones, dissolved in sulphuric acid, (about one-third of the latter,) is equal to two hundred pounds of guano.

## SELECTED TALE.

## THE RETURN.

## AN INTERESTING FRENCH TALE.

It was on a pedestrian tour through the southern provinces of France, that I was one evening surprised by the approach of darkness, while yet uncertain as to the distance of the village where I purposed to sleep, or indeed, whether I might not have strayed from the path I had been directed to pursue. Not the beautiful tints that yet lingered in the golden west, nor the delicious fragrance that breathed around me, could wholly dispel that vague feeling of uneasiness which pervades the mind on being overtaken by night in a strange and lonely spot. It was a relief, therefore, to hear at no great distance behind, a French air whistled in tones that seemed to spring from a light and jocund heart; and I gladly awaited the approach of the traveller—a fine martial-looking youth in soldier's habiliments, with a knapsack strapped at his back—who doffed his cap on perceiving me, saluting me at the same time with the frank and free air of his nation. In reply to my inquiries, he informed me that he was bound to the village of which I was in quest; but had it been otherwise," continued he, "I should have felt it as much a duty as a pleasure to have guided a gentleman and a stranger."

"Yet I had been loath," I replied, "to trespass on the time of one who is probably returning home after a long absence."

"Nearly three years," said he, "but my campaigns are now ended; and it is my present hope to find happiness in the bosom of my native village."

"Meaning, of course, that which we are now approaching?"

"No," he answered, "not exactly—my home lies a league to the right. Monsieur would probably remember a path that turned aside through a thick grove of limes."

"I recollect it well," I replied; "for I was near going astray at that very point, the road looked so inviting—but how is it you have passed your proper way?—if on my account, a simple direction?"

"No," he returned, laughing and hesitating a little—"home was dear, and parents were dear, but yet I have a strange desire to see—"

"One dearer yet! You are an enviable fellow," I exclaimed, "whom so much happiness awaits, while I may be well content to gain the shelter of an auberge, sorry enough, perhaps."

"Sorry! no, no—I would challenge all France to produce so delightful an auberge as that to which I am conducting you;—the old woman is the best and kindest of creatures, and, for Justine"—he paused and wiped his brow.

"Well, for Justine," said I.

"She is just the loveliest and dearest girl that ever beamed goodness from a bright eye! In short, Monsieur, for why should I hide a feeling of which I am proud, Justine is that one person, whom I long to see."

"A betrothed mistress, I suppose?"

"No, she was too young when I joined the army—scarcely fifteen!—and I—what had to offer but an honest heart; and though I loved her better than life, as I might never have returned, you know, it had been ungenerous to betray her into a promise that she would have repented, perhaps, after I was gone!"

"Very just and honourable," I observed.

"Hark, Monsieur!" he exclaimed, they are dancing—some gala day—a wedding, perhaps!" He paused and attempted to laugh, but did not succeed. "Hush! it is all over now—all over! What am I saying. It may indeed be over!"

"Let us at least proceed," said I, seeing him stand mute and motionless.

"Monsieur is right—it were well to know the worst at once. Oh, that we had been half an hour sooner!"

A few minutes now brought us to the hamlet, beautifully and pastorally situated by the side of a rapid stream, whose murmuring harmonized sweetly with the stillness and serenity of the hour. A few minutes more, and we were at the door of the auberge.

"Excuse me, Monsieur," said Henri, pressing on my arm with a hand that trembled with emotion, "who knows what may have happened? I have a strange fancy to look in at the window. Ha! there sits Justine herself—her dark hair braided with flowers—she cannot"—he paused for breath—"she cannot be a bride; yet that wreath looks like a bridal coronal! No, no—it is not so—she weeps—oh! that I might kiss away those tears!—and besides, there is no man in the cottage, after all;—only the good old woman hung over her. Monsieur had better proceed."

We entered the cottage, where our arrival seemed to work an immediate change. If Justine had been weeping, her tears were fled. Henri was welcomed with enthusiasm as an old and valued friend; and both mother and daughter were instant-

ly active and solicitous in the service of a stranger and a traveller. Justine in particular, in spite of her holiday array, bestowed herself to spread forth a supper, from which, however, she fled with precipitation on the hinted fears of Henri as to her marriage, and I even thought I perceived a convulsive shudder run through her frame.

"Do not say that again," cried the old woman, pressing his hand, "it cuts my poor Justine to the heart!"

"Plague on my tongue," exclaimed Henri, "I would not wound her feelings for the world!"

"I know it, my dear boy, and therefore I will tell you all; and why should I mind Monsieur—we who are innocent of wrong have nothing to conceal:—the truth then is that Arnaud—you remember Arnaud, Henri?"

"Ay, ay," returned the soldier, impatiently, "for no good though!"

"Well, it was about last fall that he began to notice Justine, and from that he grew more particular, till at last—"

"Mother, say not that Justine loves him, for he never loved any but himself, and although he was wealthy—"

"Alack! wealthy he is not, for his vineyards were all blighted," said the old woman; but Justine looked not for wealth."

"And if she looked for wealth, she found it not," cried Henri, indignantly.

"It is but too true," replied the dame, "Justine read not in his beaming eyes a mean and selfish heart! She listened and believed—and this should have been her wedding day;—hush, hush, Henri, let her not hear you!—Justine, my love, you will find the freshest grapes at the end of the garden. But men's vows," continued the old woman, "are like the wind; and Arnaud was wedded this morning to a richer girl—yet oh, for wealth, there is none like my poor child!"

"The villain!" exclaimed Henri, involuntarily assuming a menacing gesture.

"Alas," cried the mother, on whom this action was not lost—"the one who sees all, punishes and rewards; and oh, that he had looked on my darling this day, never complaining even by a look, but with her own sweet hands decking the hair of the bride, and this very evening dancing on the green when her heart was like to break. But oh, when it was all ended, and they were gone to their home—that cottage, Monsieur, by the stream—you may see it now by the light of the moon, with the alders trembling round it—then, then, then her heart sunk! But the sight of an old friend," turning to Henri, "and even the pleasure of preparing our humble supper for a stranger, may do much, and Heaven will give the rest."

The old woman's tears fell fast as she spoke; but Henri, overpowered by the suddenness and variety of his emotions, was scarcely sad, though silent. At length Justine returned, so pale, yet serene, that but for what I had heard, I should have imputed her sweet gravity to a natural sedateness alone. But for Henri the board was spread in vain. He started up.

"You will not leave us to-night?" said the widow.

"I have not seen my parents! Farewell, mother—farewell, dear Justine!"

She turned not away from his offered salute; she even pressed his hand; but it was a sisterly pressure only, in which no warmer feeling had place. I saw by his countenance that he was aware of this, and that it added wings to the speed with which he left the cottage.

My repast ended, I retired to a small but exquisitely neat chamber on the ground floor of the cottage, the window of which looked towards the river. But sleep, like a false friend, fled at my greatest need!—My mind, excited by the unmerited misfortune of one whom I had seen but to admire, held me as though spell-bound to the lattice, the view from whence of the beautiful valley sleeping in the pale moonlight, was far more attractive than a slumberless couch! In this contemplative mood, time stole away unnoted, when I was startled by hearing the door of the auberge gently opened, and some one issue forth. I looked anxiously from the casement; it was Justine herself, gliding like a spirit towards that stream on which I had been gazing. Good Heaven! what could be her purpose?

Was it possible that the story of her undeserved abandonment had wrought in her fevered brain a vision of self-destruction? The thought was horrible! Without a moment's hesitation, I sprang through the window, and holding my course in shadow, tracked her steps towards the cottage of Arnaud.

It stood on the very margin of the river. The situation, the hour, her look of deep abstraction, as meditating, perchance on the fatal plunge—appeared to strengthen my fearful conjecture, and I advanced unperceived, so near as to stretch forth my arm, in the intensity of my feelings, to arrest her seeming purpose. But how had my suspicions wronged this noble-minded, this incomparable girl. At the moment when my heart fluttered at every motion, I

beheld her sink upon her knees and, clasping her white hands in an attitude of supplication, lift her sweet eyes to Heaven as if to invoke a blessing on that union which had married her fairest hopes. I saw her lips move, and though the accents reached me not, the intelligence, the expression of that angel countenance could not be mistaken. It was a study for a painter, if indeed the art of man could depict the traits of Heaven.

I was lost in admiration, in wonder, when a loud shriek from the auberge dispersed the lovely vision. With the swiftness of a lapwing, Justine fled back to the house, while I, more cautious in my speed, regained my apartment by the window, unperceived. It was the poor widow, who, awaking and missing her daughter, had raised that wild cry of dread almost of despair. A few words from Justine seemed to tranquilize the feelings of the agonized mother. They mingled their tears awhile, and then, I will hope, slept; if not, their grief at least was silent.

I rose early in the morning, but Justine had been long up and busied in her domestic affairs, serene and tranquil as though a breeze had ruffled the calm current of her peaceful mind. To have attempted counsel or consolation, would have been to insult the feelings of one whose own heart was her best and surest monitor.

After partaking, therefore, of a breakfast, the grapes for which I found had cost Justine a long ramble, I departed on my way, well content to leave her to the guidance of her own purity, and the protecting love of one of the most affectionate of parents.

Circumstances led me at the close of autumn to retrace part of my former route; and unabated interest in the fortunes of Justine, attracted my steps once more to the little auberge, which, through every after-scene, had still been present to my memory. I was received with the grateful smiles that seldom fail, among these simple-minded people, to repay any expression of attachment on the part of a stranger. Justine was still pale, but the recovered cheerfulness and animation of the old woman seemed to indicate reviving hope and expectation. Had I doubted this, it had soon been confirmed.

It was evening when I arrived, and I was yet conversing with Justine, when my old friend Henri entered the cottage. His fine manly features were bright with health and good humor, and whether it was that Justine was gratified by his delighted recognition of the traveller whom he had guided, a smile stole over her beautiful countenance. But it was something more. The worth of the young soldier was slowly but secretly effacing the impression of a misplaced attachment.

"Poor Arnaud!" exclaimed Henri.

"What of him?" cried the old woman.

"Oh, nothing new, save that his grapes are sour, and his shrew of a wife sour still. He is the veriest slave that lives."

"He ever was," said the dame, "a slave to his own greedy desire of gain; for that he has sold what nothing can replace—the peace of his own heart! Oh, my son, learn from this to be content with—"

"Justine and love!" exclaimed the youth; "but that were impossible! Content is too cold a word for such surpassing bliss!"

Justine blushed, and looked as if she would have frowned, but knew not how! and a stray glance of her eye seemed to auger well not only for the happiness of my friend Henri, but, I will hope also, for the peace of her pure heart.

I was not deceived; they were soon after united; the vices of Arnaud becoming thus the unconscious means of rewarding the virtues of Henri and Justine.

## PRESERVATION OF DAHLIAS.

The complaint is common, that dahlias lose their vitality during winter by dying or decay. The truth is that many are overstocked with caution, and "kill their bulbs by kindness." A person who has sense enough to harvest a potato, and preserve it during winter, need meet with no disappointment by the failure of dahlias. To ensure success, it is only necessary for the bulbs to be properly ripened, and packed away in a dry, cool place. The following will be found a good treatment.

As soon as the frost has blackened the tops, draw the soil about the stocks to the depth of three or four inches to prevent the freezing of the tubers by any sudden change of weather. When it becomes unsafe for them to remain longer in the ground, say the last of October or first of November, select a pleasant day, cut the stocks an inch above the surface, and with a spade carefully raise the whole cluster of bulbs from their bed. They are very tender when green, and care must be exercised not to separate them from the crown.

When the soil becomes dry remove it, and pack the roots on a shelf in the cellar; simply covering them with a little dry sawdust or sand. The bulb should not be divided from the foot-stock until the eyes report themselves in spring.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## ORIGIN OF WORDS AND PHRASES.

From the amusing pages of Arvine's Cyclopaedia, we have selected the following plausible examples under this title.

**Windfall.** The origin of this term is said to be the following:—Some of the nobility of England, by the tenure of their estates, were forbidden felling any trees in the forests upon them—the timber being reserved for the use of the royal navy.—Such trees as fell without cutting, were the property of the occupant. A tornado was therefore a perfect god send, in every sense of the term, to those who had occupancy of extensive forests; and the wind-fall was sometimes of very great value.

**Robbing Peter to Pay Paul.** In the time of Edward VI., much of the lands of St. Peter, at Westminster, were seized by his majesty's ministers and courtiers; but in order to reconcile the people to that robbery, they allowed a portion of the lands to be appropriated towards the repairs of St. Paul's church. Hence the phrase, "robbing Peter to pay Paul."

**He's caught a Tartar.** In some battle between the Russians and Tartars, who are a wild set of people in the north of Asia, a private soldier called out, "Captain, halloo there! I've caught a Tartar."

"Fetch him along then," said the captain.

"Ay, but he won't let me," said the man. And the fact was the Tartar had caught him. So when a man thinks to take another in, and gets bit himself, they say, "He's caught a Tartar."

**Bankrupt.**—Few words have so remarkable a history as the word "bankrupt." The money changers of Italy had, it is said benches or stalls, in the bourse or exchange in former times, and at these they conducted their ordinary business. When any of them fell back in the world, and became insolvent, his bench was broken, and the name of broken bench or *banco rotto*, was given to him. When the word was adopted into English, it was nearer the Italian than it is now, being "bankerout," instead of bankrupt.

**Hi! Betty Martin!** Many of our most popular vulgarisms have their origin in some whimsical perversion of language, or of facts. St. Martin is one of the worthies of the Roman Calendar, and a form of prayer commences with the words, "O mihi, beate Martine," which was corrupted to "My eye and Betty Martin," and then still further to—"Hi! Betty Martin."

**Hobson's Choice.** Thomas Hobson was a celebrated carrier at Cambridge, England, who to his employment in that capacity, added the profession of supplying the students with horses. In doing this, he made it an unalterable rule that every horse should have an equal portion of time in which to rest, as well as labor; and he always refused to let a horse out of his turn. Hence the saying, "Hobson's choice; this or none."

## ADVANTAGE OF ADVERTISING.

The great benefit to be derived from advertising is fast becoming appreciated by everybody of every degree. The Physician advertises his "kill or cure" compounds; the Lawyer inserts a brief card and gets "briefs." The Merchant tells the public, through the press, of his fine stock of dry goods and W. I. goods, and sells immensely at A. I. prices; the Mechanic puts his name and place of business in print, can't do half the work desired of him; and in short, everybody, high and low, great and small, rich and poor, and purgatory folks, know that the press is a great medium to make known their wants or to obtain any desired information.

We know a little case in point to prove that this is almost the universal opinion about advertising. A friend of ours has a fine motherly dog which recently strayed away from her interesting family, and he despatched a female servant to look her up. The girl traversed the streets about in search of the mother of the dogs, and at last inquired of a fellow country-man if he had seen the animal. "Sure an' I haven't," said the fellow, "but I'll tell ye jist clapper in the papers, an' ye'll have 'em in ten minutes." And 'twas nearly so.—*New Era.*

## A WORD TO LITTLE GIRLS.

Who is lovely? It is the little girl who drops sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles, as she passes along; who has a kind word of sympathy for every boy or girl she meets in trouble, and a kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty; who never scolds, never contends, never teases her, nor seeks in any way to diminish, but always to increase her happiness. Would it please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds or precious stones, as you pass along the street? But these are precious stones which can never be lost. Take the hand of the friendless. Smile on the sad and dejected. Sympathize with those in trouble. Strive everywhere to diffuse around you sunshine and joy. If you do this, you will be sure to be beloved.

## A Dose; or what did she take.

BY T. MOOD.

"Ellen, you have been out."  
"Well, I know I have."  
"To the King's Head?"

"No, John, no; but no matter, you'll be troubled no more with my drinking."  
"What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say, John," said the wife, looking very serious and speaking very solemnly and deliberately, and with a strong emphasis on every word. "You will—be—troubled—no—more—with—my—drinking. I have took it at last."

"I knew it!" exclaimed the wretched husband, desperately tossing his arms aloft, as when all is lost. "I knew it!" And leaving one coat flap in the hand of his wife, who vainly attempted to detain him, he rushed from the room, sprang down three stairs at a time, ran along the passage, and, without his hat, or stick, dashed out of the street door, sweeping from the step two ragged little girls, a quarter loaf, a basin of treacle and a baby. But he never stopped to see if the children were hurt, or even to see if the infant dripped with gore or molasses. Away he ran, like a rabid dog, straight forward down the street, heedless alike of porter's load, basket and butcher's tray.

"Do that again," growled a placard man, as he recovered the pole and board which had been knocked from his shoulder.

"Mind where you're going," bawled a hawker, as he picked up his scattered wares while a dandy, suddenly thrust into a kennel, launched after the runner one of those verbal missiles, which are said to return, like the boomerang, to those who launched them.

But on, on scampered the teetotaler, heedless of all impediments—on he scoured, like a he Camilla to the shop numbered 246, with the red, blue and green bottles in the window—the chemist and druggist—into which he started, up to the little bald man at the desk, with bare breath to grasp out—

"My wife!—poison—pump!"

"Vegetables or mineral?" inquired the surgeon apothecary; with the utmost professional coolness:

"Both—all sorts—laudanum, arsenic, oxalic acid, corrosive sublimity, and the teetotaler was about to add pine apple rum among the poisons, when the doctor stopped him.

"No!"

But remembering the symptoms over night, the teetotaler ventured to say, on the strength of his dream, that she had turned all sorts of colors, like a rainbow, and swelling almost as big as a house.

"There is not a moment to lose," said Esculapius, and accordingly clapped on his hat, and arming himself with the necessary apparatus, a sort of elephantine syringe, with a very long trunk, he set off on a trot, guided by the teetotaler, to unpoison the rash and ill-fated bacchanalian, Mrs. Burrage.

Now, when the teetotaler, with the medical man at his heels, arrived at his own house, Mrs Burrage was still in her bed room, which was a great convenience, for before she could account for the intrusion of a stranger, nay, even without knowing how it was done, she found herself seated in the easy chair; and when she attempted to expostulate, she found herself choking with the tube of something, which was certainly neither maccaroni nor stickliquorice, nor yet peppermint.

To account for this precipitancy, the exaggerated representation of her husband must be borne in mind; and if his wife did not exhibit all the dolphin, quite so blue, green, yellow or black as he had painted her, the apothecary made shure she would soon be, and consequently went to work without delay, when delay was so dangerous. Mrs. Burrage, however, was not a woman to submit quietly to a disagreeable operation against her own consent; so with a vigorous kick and push at the same time, she contrived to rid herself at once of the doctor and his instrument, and indignantly demanded to know the meaning of the assault upon her.

"It is to save your life, your precious life—Ellen," said the teetotaler very seriously.

"It is to empty the stomach, ma'am!" said the doctor.

"Empty a fiddle!" returned Mrs. B., who would have added "stick," but the doctor watching his opportunity, had dexterously popped the tube again in her mouth; not without a fresh scuffle from the patient.

"For the Lord's sake, Ellen," continued the husband, confining her hand, "do, do, pray do sit quiet."

"Pon—wob, wobble," said Ellen. "Hub—bub bub—bubble," attempting in vain to speak with another pipe in her mouth besides her wind-pipe.

"Have the goodness, ma'am to be composed," implored the doctor.

"I won't," shouted Mrs. Burrage, having again released herself from the instrument

by a desperate struggle. "What am I to be pumped out for?"

"O, Ellen, you know what you have taken!"

"Corrosive salts, and narcotics," put in the doctor.

"Arsenic and corrosive sublimity," said the teetotaler.

"Oxalic acid and tincture of opium," added the doctor.

"Fly water and laurel water," said Mrs Burrage.

"Vital, prussic acid and aquarefortis," continued the druggist.

"I have taken no such thing," said the refractory patient.

"Oh, Ellen, you know what you said."

"Well, what?"

"That your drinking should never trouble me any more."

"And no more it shall!" screamed the wilful woman, falling, as she spoke, into convulsive paroxysms of the wildest laughter.

"No more it shall, for I've took—"

"What, ma'am, pray what?"

"In the name of Heaven, what?"

"Why, then, I've took the Pledge!"

## Common Courtesy.

It is the little every day courtesies of life which betray the true Christian and gentleman; those little expressions of regard and interest; those little kindnesses and forbearances which he has an opportunity to practice every hour of his life.—They are more eloquent of virtues than all great actions or high sounding professions. The heart from which they do not continually flow, like sparkling streams down the hill side, you may depend upon it, is barren of all true excellence. The hearty "How do you do," "God be with you," "I'm glad to see you," "Good luck to you," and all the other greetings which are so often interchanged by passers-by fall upon the heart like seed sown in good ground, and give growth to all those gentle affections and humble virtues which are to the mind what the luxuriant undergrowth of shrubs and flowers is to the earth. The smile of kindness which you bestow upon the care worn laborer, falls like sunshine upon his heart, and warms all his faculties with new life and beauty. The word of comfort which you speak to the lone wanderer goes deep down into his soul and kindles a new fire among decaying embers of his mind. The mark of esteem and reverence which you extend to the aged man on whose brow is written in deep characters the history of many sorrows, recall to his mind the faded hopes and joys of youth and causes his pulse to beat with renewed vigor, and his eyes to glisten with unwonted brilliancy.—The look of sympathy shed upon the sorrowful, or the word of consolation whispered into his ears, extracts the pain from his cup of grief, and tinges with the golden hues of hope, the cloud which besadows his path. It is these words of kindly remembrance sown along the dusty thoroughfares of life, which make the poetry of life, and which, falling upon a heart which has been broken up by vicissitudes, take deep root, and soon garnish the mind with flowers of perennial beauty.

## Words from John Wesley.

We may die without the knowledge of many truths, and be carried to Abraham's bosom; but if we die without love, what will knowledge avail us? Just as much as it avails the devil and his angels. I will not quarrel with you about my opinion; only see that your heart is right towards God—that you love the Lord Jesus Christ—that you love your neighbor, walk as your master walked, and I desire no more. I am sick of opinions; I am weary to hear them—my soul loathes their frothy food.—Give me solid, substantial religion; give me an humble lover of God and man—a man of mercy and good fruits—a man laying himself out in works of faith, the patience of hope, the labor of love. Let my soul be with such christians whosoever they are and whatsoever opinion they may hold. "He that doeth the will of my Father in heaven the same is my brother, and my sister, and my mother."

## Physical and Moral Beauty.

There are deformities of mind far more disgusting, loathsome and claim pity more, than a distorted limb. What though the body may be bent and every feature returned against nature's laws, if there's a pure unspotted soul within, it matters not.

"Tis mid corruption that the milky pearl is found; and who would cast the uncut diamond by because it sparkles not?—And many are like that most precious gem, misshapen and unrightly, till some friendly hand hath hewn away the rough outside and brought the brighter virtues to the view.

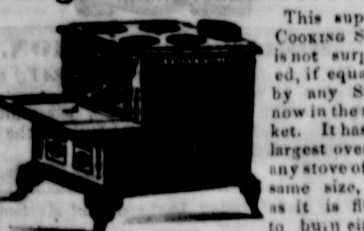
We're rather prone to judge of what we see than by that which experience teaches us each day; mistaking still the shadow for the real, yet knowing that the roughest casket often holds the jewel most prized.

Portsmouth Journal.





## Roger Williams Stove.



This superior COOKING STOVE is not surpassed by any other now in the market. It has the largest oven of any stove of the same size, and as it is fitted with wood or coal it possesses great advantages over all competitors. This Stove is warranted to give satisfaction in every way, and it may be returned after a trial of two weeks, it may be returned.

Constantly on hand, a good assortment of Tin Ware, and a general assortment of articles usually found at such an establishment. Every article of Tin or Sheet Iron work made at short notice, and jobbing and remodeling attended to with punctuality. A share of patronage solicited. Jan. 31. R. F. WILLIAMS, 75 Thames St.

## N. M. CHAFFEY, BRASS FOUNDER, PLUMBER, AND COPPER SMITH.

THE SUBSCRIBER, from a long experience as a careful and successful business man, is now qualified to give satisfaction to all who may intrust him. He keeps constantly on hand every article usually found in a brass foundry, and every size and description of single section, from the Forcing and Suction Pumps of every variety, from plain to highly gilt; latest patterns of Silver Basin Faucets, and Faucets of every description in use; Lead Pipe of every size and weight; sheet lead, brass, and Copper. Castings of every kind on hand or order.

Particular attention paid to SHIP PLUMBING AND CASTINGS, and arrangements have been made with the manufacturers in Boston to furnish every variety of Gutta Percha, in pipes or in sheets which will be fitted to any use at the shortest notice.

All orders attended to with promptness and despatch, and all work warranted. A share of public patronage solicited. N. M. CHAFFEY, 210 Thames Street. Sept. 13-16.

## Newport Iron Foundry,

FOOT OF HOWARD STREET, NEWPORT, R. I. THE SUBSCRIBERS, having made arrangements to carry on an extensive business, are now prepared to furnish castings of every description at short notice and on the most reasonable terms.

They have on hand, and are weekly receiving from the various foundries, suitable for CEMENTARY, STREET, PARK, BALCONY, or any other ornamental purpose; and are prepared to put up the same on as reasonable terms as can be offered by any establishment in the country. Ornamental fences of iron, will now come into general use, as they can be put up at the cost of a wooden one. Persons in want of a fence would do well to call and examine our patterns before making a selection.

We have, in connection with the Foundry, an experienced Pattern Maker, who is prepared to furnish patterns with dispatch, and on reasonable terms. I. N. STANLEY & BROTHER, July 19, 1851-16.

## JAMES W. LYON, PLUMBER, BRASS FOUNDER & COPPER SMITH,

No. 225, THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I. HAS constantly on hand a variety of Force and Lift Pumps, of his own manufacture, which he warrants equal, if not superior to any before offered in this market.

Also, Water Closets, Wash Basins, Croton and Chatham Faucets, and every description of Plumbing Materials of various qualities and prices, as cheap as can be bought elsewhere.

Also, Pure Block Tin Pipe, warranted not to injure the water in any way and fitted in the best style to Pumps and all other purposes.

Having procured the services of an experienced Plumber, he is prepared to execute all orders in his line with neatness and dispatch.

Lead Pipe and Sheet Lead of various sizes on hand, also, all kinds of Brass and Composition Castings made to order. Ship Castings of all kinds on hand and made at short notice.

JAMES W. LYON, Having been appointed agent of the Hudson Gutta Percha Manufacturing Co., is now prepared to furnish any quantity of Gutta Percha pipe, and sheet do.; this pipe can be fitted to any of the uses to which lead has been applied. For conveying cold water possesses many advantages over lead as it is not affected by any of the acids or alkalis, it is entirely tasteless, does not affect any kind of water, will not rot and cannot be burst by fire. The sheet may be applied to any use to which sheet lead may be applied, and is peculiarly adapted to lining water tanks and reservoirs and also for water closet work.

Grateful for past favors, he hopes by strict attention to his business to merit the approbation of his customers. All work warranted not to fail until well out. April 17, 1852.

## NEWELL'S PATENT SAFETY LAMPS, AND LAMP FEEDERS.

Warranted to prevent all Accident from the use of burning Fluid and other Explosive Compounds used for the production of Light, also AROMATIC FLUID.

Which burns with a clear light, is free from grease or smoke, and is manufactured without Camphene or Spirit of Turpentine. For sale wholesale and retail by B. H. TISDALE & SON, Agents for Newport and vicinity.

The following certificate is a sufficient guarantee of the entire safety and efficiency of the Safety Lamp and Feeder.

CERTIFICATE We have had an opportunity to test the Patent Safety Lamp and Feeder of Mr. John Newell, of this city, in regard to the measure of protection which they afford against explosion. In the trials to which we subjected them we endeavored without effect, to produce explosions of the vapor of the fluid mixed with air, and to burst them by the pressure of the vapor alone. The principle adopted by Mr. Newell is that of the well known Davy Lamp. He has so combined the parts that we are satisfied that all risk of explosive action is removed.

CHARLES T. JACKSON, M. D., AUG. A. HAYES, M. D., Boston, Aug. 30, 1852.

Assignors to State of Mass. The public are invited to examine the above at Sept. 25 138 Thames Street.

## LOCK-SMITH AND BELL HANGER.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having taken a part of N. M. Chaffey's establishment, is now prepared to carry on all the branches of his business as lock-smith and bell-hanger, and is constantly on hand every variety of bells, locks, and keys, of the most approved patterns, which are furnished at the lowest rates, and all work warranted.

JOHN GYNN, Sept. 13-16. No. 210 Thames Street.

## Sap & Candle Factory.

THE undersigned having purchased the entire interest of the late SALAS WARD, do, in the SAP & CANDLE FACTORY, would give notice to their friends and to the public generally, that they will continue to carry on the business at the old stand, No. 4 Sherman Street, where they will be glad to serve their friends and the public with as good articles as can be found and at as reasonable prices.

WM. G. & GEO. S. WARD, Sept. 13-16. 138 Thames Street.

## 100 LIVER OIL.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having purchased the entire interest of the late SALAS WARD, do, in the SAP & CANDLE FACTORY, would give notice to their friends and to the public generally, that they will continue to carry on the business at the old stand, No. 4 Sherman Street, where they will be glad to serve their friends and the public with as good articles as can be found and at as reasonable prices.



## STEEL MILL.

THE SUBSCRIBERS wish to call the attention of their friends and the public generally to their Establishment on Tanner Street, where they keep on hand and are constantly making Window Sashes, Blinds, Doors and Fence capping, and Mouldings of every description; Planning and Sawing of all kinds, such as Joist, Plank, Boards and Clapboards. All Work warranted.

Orders left with Messrs. FINCH & ENOS, will insure attention. GIDEON LAWTON & CO., Newport, Sept. 4, 1852-1y.

## FASHIONABLE READY MADE CLOTHING

JUST RECEIVED AT THE OREGON CLOTHING STORE. A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED assortment of Fashionable Ready Made Clothing adapted expressly to the Spring Trade consisting in part of Dress and Frock Coats, Sack Coats of all Colors, Double and Single Breasted, Pants of Blue and Black Id Cloth, Fanny Cases, Vest, Cuffs, Suspenders, Ties, Towels, &c., &c.

Vests of Plain Black Satin, Figured do, Plain Silk, Fanny Silk and a variety of other kinds. Also on hand a good assortment of Shirts, Drawers, Collars, Bosoms, Hdkfs, Cravats, Stocks, Suspenders, Socks, and a variety of Fancy articles.

SPRING STYLE OF HATS & CO. F. S. KOSUTH HATS, at exceedingly low prices. A large assortment of TRUNKS, of all sizes Valises, Carpet Bags, Umbrellas, &c., &c. Please call and examine for yourselves at the OREGON CLOTHING STORE, CORNER OF THAMES AND FRANKLIN STREETS, April 3. STEPHEN HAMMETT.

## THE SUBSCRIBERS would call the attention

of the public, to their complete assortment of Furniture, such as Mahogany Sofas, Lounges, Rocking Chairs, Spring and Stuffed-seat Sitting Chairs, Card Tables, Cottage Bedsteads of Mahogany and Black Walnut, Quatrete Tables, Bureaux of Mahogany or Black Walnut, also, the New York Square Chair, Camp Extension Chair, together with an extensive assortment of common and low priced furniture, such as Bureaux, Bedsteads, Tables, Wash-stands, Chairs, Towel-horses, &c., &c., which they offer at the lowest prices. Please call and examine our Stock and Prices.

COFFINS 2, Mahogany, Black Walnut, Cherry and Pine, constantly on hand and furnished at the shortest notice.

N. B. We have procured a corpse preserver, on article which has long been needed in this community, by which a corpse may be kept without any change for any length of time, yet be exposed to view. It is invaluable to those losing friends and wishing to keep them for the arrival of their friends from abroad. The preserver will be taken to any house in Newport or vicinity by applying to

LANGLEY & BENNETT, Nov. 8-1y 10 Franklin st.

## FALL ARRANGEMENT. NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.

THE steamer PERRY, Capt. Wood, leaves, will, on and Monday, Sept. 27th, 1852, leave Newport at 8:30 A. M., leave Providence at 2 P. M. Fare 50 cents.

Newport and Boston, via Providence and Boston Railroad.

Passengers leaving Newport at 8:30 A. M. by steamer Perry, will take the 11 A. M. train of cars at Providence, and arrive in Boston at 12:45 P. M.

Passengers leaving Boston, via the Boston and Providence Railroad, by the 11 A. M. train of cars, will take the steamer Perry at Providence at 2 P. M. and arrive at Newport at 3:45 P. M.

Fare between Boston and Newport \$1.50. Passengers and their baggage transported between the cars and boat free.

Passengers leaving Worcester by the 11 A. M. train of cars with the steamer Perry at Providence at 2 P. M. and arrive in Newport at 3:45 P. M.

Fare between Worcester and Newport \$1.30. Passengers and their baggage transported between the cars and boat free.

## FOR NEW-YORK DIRECT.

THE steamer EMPIRE STATE, Captain BRAYTON, will leave Fall River every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings on the arrival of the steamboat train of cars from Boston for New York, via Newport, leaving Newport at 8:15 o'clock, and arrive in New York at about 6 o'clock next morning. Returning, will leave New York at 5 o'clock p. m.

The steamer BAY STATE, Captain BROWN, will leave Fall River every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday as above, for New York, via Newport, leaving Newport at 8:15 o'clock, and arrive in New York at about 6 o'clock next morning. Returning, will leave New York at 5 o'clock p. m.

For further particulars enquire of March 23. ANTHONY STEWART.

## GREGORY'S Boston and California Express.

FOR the transmission of Specie, Bullion, Merchandise, &c., with safety and dispatch, per every steamer leaving New York and San Francisco, via the Isthmus of Panama, and the route through Nicaragua.

KING & CO., Agents, 190 Thames-st., Newport. Jan. 1.

## Removal.

THE SUBSCRIBER having purchased and fitted up in elegant style the large and well arranged Store two doors South of his old stand and next North of James Hammond's, would solicit the attention of his friends and the public generally to his new and varied stock of Boots, Shoes, &c. With his present arrangements he is enabled to execute all orders with the greatest despatch, and he pledges himself to give entire satisfaction to all who favor him, with their custom. New Goods constantly received and for sale at the lowest market prices, and every article in his line made to order and warranted to fit.

T. M. BABURY, 140 Thames-Street. June 6.

## WATER CURE PHYSICIAN.

BEGS leave to inform the friends of the Water Cure, and the public at large, that he has established himself permanently at Newport, and taken rooms at Mrs. Peckham's Boarding House No. 87 Thames st., and is ready to be consulted and attend patients at present at their houses. The best references can be given.

Dr. Beh is an authorized Agent for all the Books and Journals published by Messrs. Fowler & Wells, New York.

N. B. Letters of consultation, (enclosing \$3) will be answered promptly.

## TAKE NOTICE.

COOKING STOVES of all the new patterns. BAY STATE MAY FLOWER, PERFECT UNION BROWNELL'S COAL STOVES, &c., &c., No. 91 Thames-st.

WM. BROWNELL, Jan. 1, 1852.

## NEW WELL CURBS.

NEW-FASHIONED, ornamented Iron Well Curbs, for Chain Pumps, manufactured by I. N. Stanley & Brothers, of this town, which for neatness and utility, are entirely superior to any other. N. M. CHAFFEY, May 22.

## OPENING THIS DAY AT J. N. HAMMETT'S

new styles of Bonnet Ribbons. Sept. 11

## FOR NOBLES.

STRANGE, indeed, that so few realize how essential to female beauty, and many elegance, are a fine set of polished teeth; nothing contributes more toward it; nothing detracts more essentially from it, than neglected, and consequently discolored and disfiguring teeth. They are as essential to health as to beauty, for it is impossible to inhale through decayed or unclean Teeth, without affecting the lungs and stomach, frequently to a serious extent. It offering as a remedy for this evil the FARMACIA, Messrs. HAZARD & CO. are satisfied that they have received the approbation of every one who has used it, and is just what it assumes to be. For soft, receding or diseased gums, the AMBER GUM WASH accompanies it, producing a rich and agreeable lather in the mouth, cleansing it effectually, and will cure any ordinary disease of the gums in a short time. Together, they form an elegant and necessary appendage to every toilet. No lady should be without them.

For sale by Kuston Clarke & Co., F. C. Wells & Co., D. L. Luce & Co., A. B. & D. Sands, Francis Tomes & Son, Dr. J. B. Dodd, Moore & Taylor, A. Baker, New York, R. R. Hazard & Co., A. Sherman, Chas. W. Turner, James Hammett, Newport; Earl P. Mason & Co., Jos. Balch & Son, H. H. Burrington & A. F. Adie, A. Calder, A. Co., H. Ambrose, Morse, E. S. Thayer, L. D. Anthony, Lewis C. Merrill, & Co. Snow & Mason, G. E. Thurston, C. B. Burrington, "Leland," Providence; Lyman Clapp, Pawtucket; James Pelme, Woonsocket; Echo Office, Westerly; Munro, Dr. Briggs, Bristol; Jos. Burnett, Boston; Lee & Butler, Hartford. All orders, or applications for agencies, must be addressed to R. R. HAZARD, & CO., Apothecaries Hall, Chemists & Pharmacutists, Newport, July 17.

## Plumbing Establishment.

THE SUBSCRIBER would respectfully inform the citizens of Newport and vicinity, that having engaged the services of an experienced Plumber, (see well known in this section,) and having the largest and most complete stock of every thing connected with the Plumbing business that can be found in this place, they are now prepared to execute in the best manner, and on REASONABLE terms, any work ever required of Plumbers.

We are also prepared to manufacture any and all kinds of

## Undertaker's Nice.

THE SUBSCRIBER has a new and elegant Hearse, and is prepared to furnish caskets of various kinds, and carriages and all the requisites for conducting a funeral. He will also engage Tombs for any length of time, and will attend to funerals in such a manner he trusts, as will be satisfactory to all who may request his services.

Residence in Broad Street, No. 4, one street North of Mann Avenue. WM. D. HOSS, Sertan, Congregational Church, Spring St. Newport, July 17, 1852.

## TIMELY HINTS TO ALL.

How many have lost a father, a mother, a sister, a brother, or an innocent little prattling child—and have not even the shadow of a resemblance left to look upon. After the separation some little toy or trifling article of apparel, often is kept for years, and cherished as a token of remembrance how much more valuable would be one of Williams' perfect Daguerreotype Miniatures of the "loved and lost."

There is scarcely any one who does not take pleasure in gazing on the features of a friend, and when that friend has been removed by death, we often hear the exclamation, uttered with an expression of deep regret, "Oh, what would I not give for such a picture of my friend!"

Reader, perhaps, you cannot do a better thing than what your mind is now upon the subject, take an hour or two, and go by yourself, or with your family, or your friends, and visit the only artist in our town; and if not now, you may at some future period have reason to feel grateful for these "gentle hints" from

J. A. WILLIAMS, Daguerreotype Artist Oct. 26, 1850.

## VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

THE Estate, which has been long and widely known as the HIGH STREET HOUSE, has been put in complete order, having undergone the past winter a thorough repair, both within and without. The house is well calculated for either a Boarding House, or Summer Residence. It possesses advantages which are seldom found in one estate of the kind, having a piazza on the first and second stories, and other conveniences attached to the property. The lot on which it stands is large and well furnished with fruit trees and shrubbery. Terms of sale made easy to the purchaser.

Also for sale, the large 2 story house now in first rate order, situated at the corner of John and Spring Streets. Terms made easy.

For particulars apply to S. A. THAM HAMMETT, or JOSEPH M. HAMMETT, June 12.

## Cotton Factory For Sale.

THE NEWPORT STEAM FACTORY, three Stories with two Stories in the roof, built of Stone, with a Building two stories high, suitable for a Picking and Dressing Room. The machinery consists of 6000 spindles, 130 Looms and other Machinery in proportion with a Steam Engine in good order. Also a building 108 feet long built of wood two Stories into Basement and attic, and was built for a Machine Shop. Also a Building now occupied as a Foundry, with a Wharf and two Stores. The Factory can be put in operation immediately at a small expense.

For further particulars, apply to GEO. BOWEN, Agent, Newport, May 22, 1852-1y.

## Furnished House To Let.

THE elegantly furnished House situated on Washington Square, and facing the Mall, one of the most beautiful locations in the town and the former residence of Lavet H. Gals Esq., of New Orleans, will be let furnished. For particulars, enquire at the store of D. J. A. & H. GOULD, Newport, Dec. 6. No. 70, Thames street.

## FOR SALE.

THE HOUSE and LOT situated on the West Side Thames Street, directly East of the Wool on Mill—said house is now in excellent repair and was built in the year 1839. It is conveniently arranged for the accommodation of four separate families, one front room being well adapted and furnished for a shop.

Apply to THOS. R. HAZARD, Feb. 13.

## For Sale.

The House and lot at the corner of Washington-Sq. and Thames street, known as the Vaughn estate. For further information apply to either subscriber.

WM. P. BATEMAN, SETH BATEMAN, Jan. 17-16.

## TO LET.

THE ROOM on the second floor in the South Wing of the Rhode Island Union Bank building—now occupied by the Mechanics' and Manufacturers Society of Newport—immediately possession given. Apply to R. P. LEE, Cashier, of R. I. U. Bank, July 2.

## JUST RECEIVED 100 BUSHELS NORTH-EAST CORN MEAL, for sale by BARBER & BOONE, South Side Market square.

Sept. 18.

## 10,000

Signs of the most celebrated Brand for sale at a bargain, by H. H. YOUNG, June 19.

## J. H. HAMMETT

has just received his fall supply of Woolen Shawls which he will sell at low prices. Sept. 11.

## Fresh Groceries.

JUST RECEIVED AT 22 BROAD ST., BY CORNELL & DENNIS.

Extra fine Oolong Tea, English Breakfast do, Ningyong do, Extra fine Young Hyson do, Hyson Tea do, Crush'd sugar, Powdered do, Granulated do, Refined A & C do, Havana Brown do, Premium Flour do, Extra do, Common do, Hecker's (in bags) do, Rice, Cheese, Cincinnati Hams, Dried Beef, Sperm Candles, Pearl do, Lard Oil, Whale Oil, Extra No. 1 Soap, Excelsior Soap, Castile do, Tobacco, Macaboy Snuff, Scotch Snuff, Dairy the largest and most complete of every thing, Salamis, Super Carbonate Soda, Cream Tartar, Indigo, Pearl Starch, No. 1 Molasses, Havana do, Wrapping Paper, Crockery, Wooden Ware, Dollar Clocks, &c., with a great variety of other goods, to enumerate, would fill a Newspaper, at Wholesale and Retail, at the lowest prices. July 17.

## Lo and Behold!

Large Sales, small Expenses and Low Prices at Nos. 2, 3 & 4 STEAM HILL, Sherman St.

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT of Window Frames, Sashes, Blinds & Doors ever offered in this town may be found at this establishment. All kinds of Sashes made to order—G. H. G. and Ogee. Every kind of fancy work, Sawing and Scroll work done to order at the shortest notice. Orders punctually attended to.

I cannot refrain from expressing my most sincere thanks, for the liberal patronage which the public have bestowed upon me, thereby encouraging me to increase my business and add to my extensive stock. Sept. 25. S. MOFFITT.

## Choice Wines & Liquors.

THE SUBSCRIBER would inform his former customers and all who may be in want of the above articles, that he is prepared to forward their orders to his friends in New York, from whom they can receive, free of all cost of transportation, CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS.

(put up in convenient packages) at the same prices and of the same qualities that they have been accustomed to have directly from himself. R. S. BARKER, 164 Thames Street, July 24.

## ERNEST GOFFE, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN EVERY KIND OF CABINET FURNITURE.

Chairs, Feather Beds, Mattresses of all kinds, Looking Glasses, Looking Glass Plates, Willow Ware, Curled Hair, &c., &c.

manufactured to order, of the best material and workmanship, cheap for Cash—satisfactory evidence of which will be given to any one calling.

At No. 28 Bridge Street, Coffins of all Descriptions. Newport, Nov. 8-1y.

## R. H. STANON, DEALER IN PROVISIONS, SHIP STORES, GROCERIES, WINES, LIQUORS, TEAS, PORTER, ALE, FRUIT, &c., &c.

At Store No. 98 Thames-st., opposite Colonnade Row. Goods of any description forwarded to customers with dispatch. Jan. 1.

## MILLINERY.

A RICH ASSORTMENT OF RIBBONS, AND OTHER MILLINERY GOODS, OPENING THIS DAY AT A. SHERMAN'S, 261 Thames street.

## Fashionable Tailoring Establishment.

NO. 165 THAMES STREET. The subscriber would respectfully invite the attention of the public, to his fashionable assortment of new Winter Goods, consisting in part of, BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND VESTINGS, which he will sell at moderate prices, and make into garments of the latest styles, in the most thorough manner. WILLIAM B. SWAN, Newport, Jan. 1, 1850.

## JOSEPH H. HAMMETT, DRYER & TAILOR, 121 Thames Street

Has now in store a variety of new Winter Goods which he will make into Garments of any kind, in the best manner, and in a style to suit the purchaser. Jan. 1, 1852

## AUGUS US FRENCH, Dealer in Bonnet and Millinery Goods.

No. 96, Thames Street. 1852. April 3.

## O. S. BARTEN, KEY STREET HOUSE, TEACHER OF MUSIC AND THE GERMAN LANGUAGE.

April 17-16.

## PIANO FORTES.

PERSONS desiring Piano Fortes tuned can be accommodated promptly by leaving their orders at Peck's Book Store No. 99, Thames Street. Piano Fortes kept in playing order by the year and also repaired. May 22.

## R. P. BERRY, DENTIST, OFFICE—

CORNER OF THAMES AND MARY STREETS. Newport, March 20, 1852-1y

## 50 PACKAGES choice Dairy Butter, just received and for sale by BARBER & BOONE, South Side Market Square.

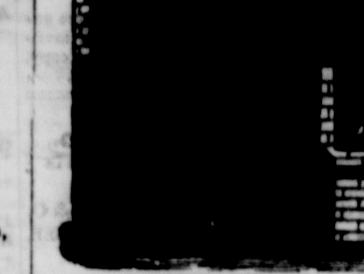
Oct. 9.

## Farm for Sale, IN PORTSMOUTH.

THE Farm late the residence of Capt. John Starnon, pleasantly situated on the East shore of this island, second farm North of the Glen, contains 56 acres, a convenient two story house and out buildings, two orchards &c. For further particulars, enquire of ISAAC GOULD, No. 70 Thames street. Newport, Aug. 9, 1851.

## NEW & IMPROVED CHIMNEY PIECES

AND PIER SLABS, Manufactured of Stone by the PENNYN MARBLE COMPANY.



## BLISS' JENNY LIND HOT AIR COOKING RANGES, EMBRACING SIX SIZES.

—REFERENCES— Lt. Gov. S. G. Arnold, Rev. Henry Jackson, Mr. Dexter, John H. Correns Esq., Joseph I. Bailey, Esq., James Burhead, Samuel Rodman, Charles Hunter, F. B. Peckham, William F. Alm, Henry Farmington, George H. Calvert, A. T. Peckham, Ben. Scatie, Ben. Finch, Ben. Hazard, Wm. C. Irlish, T. J. Peckham, John G. Braham, Dr. Dav. (in Phila.) David King, James J. Essex, Esq., Gideon Lawton, Architects, Master Builders, Contractors, and others interested in improvements, are invited to call and examine specimens. BLISS & STANHOPE, Newport, July 17, 1852.

## Lo and Behold!

Large Sales, small Expenses and Low Prices at Nos. 2, 3 & 4 STEAM HILL, Sherman St.

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT of Window Frames, Sashes, Blinds & Doors ever offered in this town may be found at this establishment. All kinds of Sashes made to order—G. H. G. and Ogee. Every kind of fancy work, Sawing and Scroll work done to order